

# The Sprite: An Unexpected Journey

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Summary: BASED of the Hobbit trilogy. After the dwarf prince, Hiccup and his people lose their kingdom to a deadly dragon, wizard Angus Black brings young hobbit, Jack Overland, along with him and the dwarves on an epic quest to reclaim their once-proud kingdom of Berk.

## The Sprite: An Unexpected Journey

**\*\*kade32 Productions Presents\*\***

**\*\*\_THE SPRITE\_\*\***

"\_\*\*My dear Jamie.\*\*\_" Inside the darkness of a room, a match is lit and a hand uses it to light a candle. "\_\*\*You asked me once if I had told you everything there was to know about my adventures.\*\*\_"

An elderly man with white messy, spiky hair, a long, scraggly beard around his chin that goes down below his waist making a small curl at the end. He wore Colonial age clothing with a dark brown vest over a white blouse, dark colored pants and bare feet. He carried the candle through the hallway of his home. "\_\*\*And while I can honestly say I have told you the truth, I may not have told you all of it.\*\*\_" The man opens a chest to his belongings. He takes out a note and looks toward a sword in it's sheath. He slowly, and almost temptingly, reaches a hand out to grab it, but recoils and quickly grabs a red book and sits down at his desk. He opened the book and in it was an illustrated picture of a presumably younger form of himself. A young boy, roughly about 17 or 18, with spiky brown hair and a black cape tied around his neck.

"\_\*\*I am old now, Jamie. I'm not the same Sprite I once was. I think it is time for you to know what really happened.\*\*\_" The elderly man observes the picture with fascination before taking a feather pen and dabbing it into some ink. The man begins writing. "\_\*\*It began long ago, in a land far away from the east, the like of which you will not find in the world today.\*\*\_"

><p><em><strong>MANY YEARS AGO<strong>\_

"\*\*\_But the years of plenty were not to last. Slowly, the days turned sour and the watchful nights had closed in. Hiccup II's love of gold had grown to fierce. A sickness had begun to grow within him. It was a sickness of the mind. And where sickness thrives, bad thing will follow.\_\*\*" Hiccup II stood in his lair of golden objects, crowns, chalices, jewelry and such and looked on at his precious treasure with greed and pride. But his grandson, Hiccup III, watched him from afar with a knowing glance of concern and slowly retreats into the shadows. One peaceful day in Dale, everyone was enjoying their lives and the children were playing with paper kites. "\*\*\_The first they heard was a noise like a hurricane coming down from the north. The pines on the mountain creaked and cracked in a hot, dry wind.\_\*\*" The peacefulness was then interrupted by the loud, earth-shattering sound like an explosion. A strong breeze came forth and by the gates of Berk, Hiccup and an obese, middle-aged dwarf with a long, blond mustache and wearing a pointed hat looked over the walls to see what the commotion was about. Many dwarf soldiers came as way, preparing for any danger that was awaiting.

"What is it?" Gobber asked in worry.

"Dragon." Hiccup answered and shouted to the soldiers. "DRAGON!" A loud, deafening roar came, starting everyone and a rage of fire came along with it. "\_\*\*It was a Stoker class from the north. The Red Death had come.\*\*\_" The kites are burned up as the people of Dale scream in terror as the Red Death comes for them, attacking their home, breathing fire wherever he goes, destroying their city little by little, causing widespread panic. Many people are killed in the damage. "\*\*\_Such wanton death was dealt that day. For this city of men was nothing to the Red Death. His eye was set on another prize. For dragons covet gold, with a dark and fierce desire.\_\*\*" The dwarf soldiers readied themselves with open weapons at the gate. The doors are bursted open.

"Stand firm!" Hiccup ordered. The giant claws of the Red Death reach into the doors and the colossal, rampaging beast smashed his way through the walls, causing everyone fall to their feet. As the dragon made it's way inside, it knocked the soldiers out of it's way, killing some of them as if it didn't care. Hiccup covered himself, narrowing missing a claw as it came down toward him. The Red Death continued it's path into Berk, marching over to the golden lair. Hiccup II clutched the Arkenstone like his life depended on it and ran for his life. When he came into the golden room, the Red Death was already there, knocking amounts of gold everywhere. Hiccup II suddenly trips and drops the Arkenstone into the pile of golden coins.

"NO!" Hiccup II shouted in despair as he watched his most prized possession get lost in the mess of his golden treasure. Hiccup comes to him, helps him up and the both ran away from Berk as fast as possible. "\_\*\*Berk was lost.\*\*\_" Hiccup, Stoick and Hiccup II joined their people as the fled the ruins of their beloved kingdom. "\*\*\_For a dragon will guard his plunder as long as he lives.\_\*\*" Hiccup spots Queen Equavjia and her elves approaching the mountain from on top a high hill.

"Run for your lives!" Hiccup shouted to his people. "Help us!" He shouted and waved to the elves. However, the elves just watched the dwarves suffer the fate of their kingdom and turn away, without a second glance toward them. "\*\*\_Equavjia would not risk the lives of her kin against the wrath of a dragon. No help came from the elves that day or any day since.\_\*\*" Hiccup's scared face turns into a hateful scorn of anger as he watch the elves retreat, turning their backs on them.

Without their kingdom, the dwarves, now refugees, journey across the vast lands of Middle-earth searching for a new place to call home. Hiccup stood before his people. His newfound hatred toward elves would make him live up to this day to fight for his and his people's lives to do whatever takes to find them a home. "\_\*\*Robbed of their homeland, the dwarves of Berk wandered the wilderness, a once mighty people brought low.\*\*\_" The young dwarf prince took work where he could find it. Laboring in the villages of Men, but always he remembered the mountain smoke beneath the moon, the trees like torches blazing bright, for he had seen dragon fire in the sky and his city turned to ash. And he never forgave and he never forgot.\_\*\*" Hiccup is now working as a blacksmith in a city of Men. Pounding a mallet against a sword with anger and hatred.

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>PRESENT<strong>\_

In a hillside house in the middle of a village build in the valleys, is where the man lives. **That**, my dear Jamie, is where I come in. For quite by chance, and the will of a Wizard, fate decided I would become part of this tale. It began, well, it began as you might expect. In a hole in the ground, there lived a Sprite. Not a nasty, dirty, wet hole, full of worms and oozy smells; this was a Sprite-hole, and that means good food, a warm hearth, and all the comforts of home. **A** young, brown-haired boy came in from the pantry eating an apple and went outside to get the mail. He opened the mailbox and took out some envelopes before heading back inside. He walked into the man's study where he worked. This man was known as Jackson Overland. The elderly man laughed as he wrote in his book. Jamie quietly places the mail next to him.

"Thank you." Jack said to the boy as he wrote. Jamie noticed the picture of Jack's younger self and observed it.

"What is this?" Jamie asked his uncle.

"That is private." Jack said sternly and took the picture from his hands. He hid his work from Jamie. "Keep your sticky paws off. It's not ready yet."

Jamie chuckled a bit. "Not ready for what?" He asked.

"Reading." Jack told him. Jamie browsed in a chest, taking an old armor helmet and eyed with with curiosity.

"What on Earth are these?" Jack asked looking at the letters.

"Replies to the party invitations." Jamie replied. Jack's eyes widened.

"Oh, good gracious! It is today?" Jack asked ecstatically with joy. "They all say they're coming." Jamie counters. "Except for the BoÅ«linger-Overlands. They're demanding that you should ask them in person."

"Are they, indeed?" Jack asked gruffly and exited his study. "Over my dead body."

"They'd probably find that very much agreeable." Jamie insisted. "They seem to think you have tunnels overflowing with gold."

"It was one small chest." Jack defended. "Hardly overflowing. And it still smells of troll."

Jack started hiding all his belongings in chests, drawers underneath tables with a cloth over them and other unnoticeable places where they couldn't be stolen.

"What on earth are you doing?" Jamie asked confused.

"Taking precautions." Jack answered. "You know, I caught her making off with my silverware once."

"Who?" Jamie raised an eyebrow.

"Constance BoÃ«linger-Overland. She had all my spoons stuffed in her pockets. Hah! Dreadful woman." Jack entered his kitchen. "Make sure you keep an eye on her after I'm...when I'm...when I'm..." Jack's voice trailed off uncomfortably.

"When you're what?" Jamie asked leaning in suspiciously.

"It's nothing. Nothing." Jack exclaimed after a half-second pause and walked off. Jamie looked on at his dear uncle with confusion, wondering if he was hiding something. Jamie came up to him from behind.

"You know, some people are starting to wonder about you, Uncle." Jamie began. "They think you're becoming odd."

"Odd? Hmm." Jack asked casually.

"Unsociable." Jamie added coming closer.

"Unsociable? Me? Nonsense!" Jack shrugged off. "Be a good lad and put that on the gate." He handed Jamie a painted sign. He nails the sign to the front gate which said "No Admittance. Except on Party Business". Jack walked out the front door, taking some deep breaths and doing a few stretches.

"You'll think he'll come?" Jamie asked.

"Who?" Jack asked.

"Angus." Jamie responded.

"Oh!" Jack laughed. "He wouldn't miss a chance to lit up his whiz-poppers. He'll give us quite a show. You'll see."

"Right." Jamie nodded and walked off. "I'm off."

"Off to where?" Jack asked of him.

"East Farthing Woods." Jamie called. "I'm going to surprise him."

"Well, go on then!" Jack told him. "You don't want to be late." And Jamie rushed off down the trail to meet up with their wizard friend. "\*\*\_He doesn't approve of being late. Not that I ever was. In those days, I was always on time. I was entirely respectable. And nothing ever unexpected ever happened.\_\*\*" Jack sat on his bench, smoking his pipe. He blow a smoke ring into the air.

\*\*\_AN UNEXPECTED JOURNEY\_\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>60 YEARS EARLIER<em>\*\*

A young Jack sat on his bench in front of his house. He smoked his pipe and blow a smoke ring out which then turned into a smoke butterfly that fluttered it's way into Jack's face, startling him. Jack looked to see a tall man standing in front of him. He was quite tall; he has no hair, has a slender, yet muscular body with black,

hardened skin, green, glowing eyes. He wore a black, tattered, cloak that almost had him mistaken for a vampire. He also held a long, stick-like staff with him that had some falcon feather having from the end along with some bird and rodent skulls.

"Good morning." The young Jack greeted him politely.

"What do you mean?" The dark man asked. "Do you mean to wish me a good morning? Or do you mean that it is a good morning whether I want it or not? Or, perhaps you mean to say that you feel good on this particular morning? Or are you simply stating that this is a morning to be good on?" Jack was confused at what he was trying to put, but spoke his best answer.

"All of them at once, I guess." Jack replied strangely. The man held an odd smile.

"Can I help you?" Jack asked gently.

"That remains to be seen." The man answered. "I'm looking for someone to share an adventure." This caught Jack by surprise.

"An adventure?" Jack asked. "I don't image anyone west of Bree would have any interest in any adventure. Nasty, disturbing, uncomfortable things. Ha! Make you late for dinner." Jack went to his mailbox and grabbed his mail. He grunted, looking over his mail, puffing his pipe in vexation, seeing the man still standing there.

"Good morning." Jack said again before walking to his front door.

"To think that I should have lived to be "good-morninged" by Monique Frost's son, as if I were selling buttons at the door." The man exclaimed to Jack who was standing on his steps and now staring back at the man.

"I beg you're pardon?" Jack asked in confusion.

"You've changed and not for the better, Mr. Jackson Overland." The man shook his head.

"I'm sorry, do I know you?" asked Jack, narrowing his eyes.

"Well, you know my name, although you don't remember I belong to it. I'm Angus! And Angus means...me." Angus stated, introducing himself, perplexing Jack.

"Angus." Jack repeated in wonder. "Not Angus, the arisen wizard who made such excellent fireworks." Angus smiled. "Old Frost used to have them on Midsummer's Eve. Didn't think you were still in business."

"And where else should I be?" Angus asked sharply. Jack stammered. "Well, I'm pleased to find you remember something about me, even if it's only my fireworks. Well that's decided. It will be very good for you and most amusing for me. I shall inform the others."

Jack suddenly exclaimed in protest "Inform the who? No! Wait! We do not want any adventures here. Thank you. Not today, not...hmm. I suggest you try over the hill or across the water." Jack struggled to

say something before replying "Good morning." And he bolts inside, closing the door shut. He then hears a strange noise and puts an ear to the door to listen. Angus is carving a glowing green Norse symbol on Jack's door. Jack peaks through his window and sees Angus looking back, causing Jack to hide himself in shock. Angus then hurriedly walks away, leaving Jack very confused. What could this man possibly want with him about an adventure.

\* \* \*

><p>That night, Jack was cooking himself supper. He cooked a fish with some steamed veggies on his stove and sat down at his table. He grabbed a napkin and tucked it in his collar. Outside, the mark on his door gleamed and a figure approached. Jack his sprinkling salt on his food, preparing to eat, when his door bell chimes, making him freeze in confusion. Nonetheless, he went over to the door and answered it. Standing at his doorstep, was a tall, heavily-built, handsome man with short, wavy, brown hair.<p>

"Shrek, at your service." Shrek spoke with a low Scottish accent and bowed slightly at Jack. Although baffled by this strange person's arrival, he quickly ties his robe.

"And Jack Overland,...at yours." Jack said back. Shrek enters the house without permission.

"Do we know each other?" Jack asked.

"No." Shrek answered as he placed his things to the side. "Which way, laddie? Is it down here?"

"Is what down here?" Jack gently asked. Shrek handed him his cloak.

"Supper." Shrek said and walked into the kitchen. "He said there'd be food and lots of it."

"He said? Who said." Jack asked, now more confused.

Shrek sat at the table eating Jack's fish while Jack sat behind him, weirded out by situation. Shrek bit off that last piece of the fish, moaning blissfully at the taste. Jack could only cringe in disgust.

"Very good, this." Shrek exclaimed with his mouth full. "Any more?"

"What? Oh! Yes. Of course." Jack stood up and grabbed a bowl of biscuits and placed them next to him. Jack quickly takes one for himself so he'll be needing something to eat, since Shrek had already eaten his dinner before he could. "Help yourself." He said.

Shrek immediately started stuffing his face with biscuits.

"It's just I wasn't expecting company..." Jack began, hoping to start a small conversation, when the door bell rings again.

"That'll be the door." Shrek reminded him.

Jack answered the door and there's Gobber at the door.

"Gobber, at your service." Gobber said with a grandfatherly smile and bowed.

"Good evening." Jack greeted.

"Yes. Yes, it is." Gobber nodded, looking at the night sky and entered. "Though I think it might rain later. Am I late?"

"Late...for what?" Jack asked with narrowed eyes. Gobber looks to see Shrek attempting to shake some more biscuits from a glass jar.

"Oh, ha ha!" Gobber chuckled and walked toward him. "Evening, brother."

"Oh, by my beard." Shrek smiled putting the jar down and went to his older brother. "You are shorter and wider than we last met."

"Wider, not shorter." Gobber corrected. "Sharp enough for both of us."

The two brother laughed, embracing each other. They both put a hand on each other's shoulder and bumped their foreheads together, as a small brotherly greeting.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>So this is my fan-make story of the Hobbit trilogy. I've had this idea for a while and after seeing all three movies, I decided to try it out.<strong>

**\*\*Jack as Bilbo Baggins\*\***

**\*\*Jamie as Frodo Baggins\*\***

**\*\*Angus Black (one of my OCs) as Gandalf the Grey\*\***

**\*\*Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III as Thorin Oakenshield\*\***

**\*\*The Red Death as Smaug the Terrible\*\***

**\*\*Shrek as Dwalin\*\***

**\*\*Gobber as Balin\*\***

**\*\*Please read and review! Enjoy!\*\***

End  
file.